

PETER LORENZO, CHAIRPERSON  
CITY COLLEGE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

I love the ladies but when it comes to language  
let those persons leave good English alone!  
Chairman, for instance -- do they actually think  
it means to put a penis on a throne?

Those maimingly mistaken Amazons --  
to them The Bible is a sexist tract --  
male and female created He them  
some Big Daddy's earliest criminal act.

Even changing man- to humankind  
doesn't quite shave off the virile chest  
and designating Miss or Mrs. Ms  
still shows them with a difference of breast.

Freud wondered, too, what a woman can want --  
to have the member or to cut it off  
her lover, husband, son and bearded father --  
a single sexless sex -- that is to laugh.

Equals? In some ways they're our betters,  
but those few females who'd deball all words  
deserve the designations they detest --  
dames, broads, chicks, cunts, bitches, birds.

-- Harold Witt

Orinda CA

MRS. TREADLE AND MRS. POCKET

Mrs. Treadle and Mrs. Pocket are having an argument  
as to whose name is more amusing.

Mrs. Treadle has the floor. It's not only the con-  
sonants, she says, which are quite enough, it's the  
connotations. And she paints vivid pictures of feet  
pumping sewing machines.

Mrs. Pocket is not to be undone. Pocket, she says.  
A name which is not only witty, but full of meaning.  
It bulges with character. Also, it's deep. And,  
she continues, think of the rhymes! Locket, socket,  
docket. Strong words, delicious words, though Pocket,  
of course, is a lip-smacker. And what, may I enquire,  
rhymes with Treadle?



Mrs. Treadle stares at her shoes. I don't care, she declares. Treadle has more panache. Do you think I married Treadle for his physique?

Which reminds me, says Mrs. Pocket. Before I got snapped up by Pocket, I was being pursued by a certain Monsieur Panache ....

## TWO POETS

A poet writes and writes, but the words come out wrong. She meets a famous poet, shows him her work.

You need more color in your poems, he says, more life.

She rushes home, drags out her paint box. Puts reds, purples, blues into her poems. Splashes around in the paint, laughing.

Now, says the great poet, you need more finesse.

She dilutes the colors, dabs and smudges. Then erases the smudges, rearranges the dabs. Brings the results to the great poet.

Now trim the flabby edges, he says.

She runs home, chops off a word here, a line there. Ends up with 3 dazzling words.

That's wonderful! says the great poet. Fourteen more words and you'll have a haiku!

Disgusted, she trudges home, the 3 precious words in her jeans. Decides she's not a poet at all. Tears up her paper, hurls her paints at the wall.

She gapes. There on the wall is the world's most beautiful poem! Excited, she throws paint at the ceiling. A poem hangs, shimmering like cloissoné. Soon every wall is filled with poems.

The great poet rushes over. How did you do it? He asks, astounded. It's a matter, she says, of getting things under control.

-- Judith Berke

Miami Beach FL